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T. H. Kenaston

MEMORIAL

OF

REV. T. H. KENASTON.

COMPILED BY

REV. L. C. PATRIDGE,

BY ORDER OF CHAMPLAIN CONFERENCE.

"By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won."

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PREFACE.

Rev. T. H. Kenaston was known, loved, and honored too well and widely to need an introduction to those who will read these pages. The facilities for preparing this Memoir have been limited. An important portion of his Journal was accidentally destroyed before his death.

If I have succeeded in embalming in this little book some true thoughts and acts of my very dear friend, which shall arrest the wandering, confirm the weak, cheer the sad, encourage the desponding, and glorify that divine Redeemer by whose grace and blood alone he will shine in glory, my reward will be ample and abiding.

His life motto was :—

"CHRIST FIRST, LAST, ALWAYS."

To the Wesleyan Methodist Connection which he loved and honored; to his children, of whom he was passionately fond; and *especially* to *her* whom he loved with a deep, pure, sacred devotion this humble tribute is gratefully dedicated.

L. C. P.

MEMORIAL

OF

REV. THOMAS HARVEY KENASTON.

THOMAS HARVEY KENASTON was born in Sheffield, Caledonia county, Vermont, January 4th, A. D., 1838, and died in the same town August 10th, A. D., 1872.

He was the son of Jesse G. and Rachel T. (Harvey) Kenaston. They were married in Woodbury, Vermont, September, 1829, but soon took up their residence in Sheffield, where they became the parents of six children; three sons and three daughters. The father, one son and one daughter only are left, while the rest have safely crossed to the "Better Land." The mother died a few months after the subject of this memoir. She was a woman of excellent character. Her good qualities were many, and very highly appreciated by those who knew her best. She was a model Christian lady; conscientious, truthful and benevolent in the highest degree. Her Christian charity was prominent.

Her few words were kind, thoughtful, unassuming and valuable. She not only enjoyed, but richly deserved the confidence and good will of all who knew her. Her death was a quiet slumber in the arms of Christ. She lived at peace with men, she died at peace with God. Her end was tranquil as her life was calm. She was like a good book; read through, closed up, and laid away; not to be forgotten, but to think of, treasure up, and practice. The poet Landor says,

> "Children are what the mothers are;
> No fondest father's fondest care
> Can fashion so the infant's heart,
> As those creative beams that dart,
> With all their hopes and fears, upon
> The cradle of a sleeping son."

Another has well said,

> "The mother in her office holds the key
> Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
> Of character, and makes the being, who would be a savage
> But for her gentle cares, a Christian man."

A distinguished foreigner once said to John Quincy Adams,—"I have just learned who made you; for I have been reading your 'mother's letters to her son.'"

Mrs. Kenaston left the stamp of her character, faithfulfulness to principle ,love and faithful training upon the heart and life of each of her children. Thomas Harvey inherited from his parents a min-

gling of impulse and calmness; of intense feeling and patient thought; of manifest affection, and quiet reserved love; of skill to plan, and patience to execute; of determination to do, and willingness to suffer. He could perform more than was expected. He knew more than he hasted to tell. He loved more ardently than he usually manifested. His attachments were measured, not so fully by the number of tender words, as by the noble deeds, the sacrifice and labor he was ever willing to consecrate to the objects of his love.

His early home lay in the lap of everlasting green, whose hills and mountain-peaks were clad in wide variety of forest trees; where pine, spruce, cedar, and balsam shed healing odors on the bracing air; where nature prodigal of her charms scattered rich beauties with a generous hand. Here is water in all its lovliness; the placid lake, the rolling river, the tumbling cascade, the dancing brook, the purling streamlet, the springing fountain, sleeping in icy stillness, falling in fleecy whiteness, or in the "singing shower." How varied the scenery; hills, plains, vales, meadows, slopes, crags, rocks. He early loved nature and became her studious pupil, drank at her fountains of knowledge, enjoyed her communion, and gathered strength from her embraces. Thus his frail constitution was fortified and energized for the labors of life.

When a child he was passionately fond of sport,

and this fun led him sometimes to annoy those about him, especially perhaps the hired help which were employed on the farm and in the house. His desire to investigate whatever came in his way was prominent, as sundry unlocked chests, drawers, and cupboards could bear witness. These characteristics never deserted him, though they were educated and properly directed in after-life. His mirthfulness, love of innocent sport, and spirit of thorough investigation will be well remembered by his friends.

The early part of his youth was spent at home, where his warm, generous heart, his unceasing activity, his fertile imagination, his tender sense of right, his intelligent and practical ideas rendered him a general favorite; not only in the home circle but at school, the Sabbath-school, and among all the neighbors.

Being the son of a farmer, he was accustomed to hard work in the fields, and understood the theory and practice of general, successful husbandry. Farming, however, was not his chosen occupation. His aspirations were toward a commercial education and practice. He hoped to become a successful and wealthy merchant.

When about seventeen years of age, the late Rev. Ira Hall was holding a series of meetings at Sheffield Square, when large numbers of young people became serious and gave their hearts to

Christ and rejoiced in his love. He, though deeply convicted for a long time, resisted the influence of the Divine Spirit, much to the surprise and regret of those who knew and loved him. But he found it hard to fight against God; hard to resist the pleadings of his love, hard to turn away from those who were anxious for his salvation. Night after night he attended the meetings, interested in what others would do, but determined to do nothing himself. One night after getting ready to go, he said to a friend who was to accompany him, "I am sorry we harnessed the team, it is no use for me to attend meeting, I think I will put the horses back into the barn." But after some persuasion he concluded to go.

He entered the house, took a back seat, and looked on. But God's Spirit wrought mightily upon his heart, and near the close of the meeting he arose and made this emphatic declaration. "I have counted the cost, and I am resolved to be a Christian." He sat down.

That night, yea that hour was the crisis of his life. He had heard the call of God, and responded, "Not my will but Thine be done." None knew the meaning to him of that expression,—"the cost." It meant, I will give up all my selfish ideas, aspirations, and ambitions, my dreams of wealth, and home, and ease, of worldly honor, and personal independence, and at God's call I will enter a life

of toil, a servant to others, with no home on earth, no wealth—only in the Cross and ministry of Jesus Christ. But he counted the cost only,—not the reward, thank God that cannot be counted; and he was resolved to be a Christian.

From that decision there was no turning back. T. H. KENASTON *never turned back!* So clear, definite and full were the evidences of his conversion that he never entertained a doubt upon the subject. He entered earnestly and joyfully into the exercises of religious worship and work; and with all the warmth of pure Christian love he entreated his companions and friends to give their hearts to Christ. His most intimate associates testify to his unshrinking faithfulness in every duty which God laid before him. He was baptized and received into the Wesleyan Methodist Church, by brother Hall. His whole course and purpose of life were now changed; his plans for study and labor were turned into another channel.

The whole community seemed at once to recognize the fact that God had called him to be an ambassador for Christ; and not only his own people but others, and especially ministers of other denominations took pleasure in giving him a public opportunity of exhorting the people to come to Christ. No man who feels in his soul that God has laid his hand upon him and set him apart as a "chosen vessel for his service" can regard the voca-

tion as either trifling or optional; nor will he feel like putting himself hastily forward in this holy and responsible calling. He spent days and nights in prayer, self-examination and consecration of himself to God's holy service. Conscientious, modest and retiring as he was, this was a subject of infinite importance. He viewed it as both the grandest and most difficult work ever entrusted to man. Grand in its relation to God; its grasp of truth; its revelation of an incarnate Deity; its atonement for sin and salvation of penitent believers, and its fearful condemnation of the finally incorrigible; and difficult, as it exhibits mortal man grappling with immortal truth—a heavenly treasure in an earthen vessel; man under a Divine obligation to beseech men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. If an inspired Apostle of great learning and experience, viewing this important office, was constrained to ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" what must have been the feelings of a bashful boy, when the holy responsibility was resting on his soul? Like the same Apostle he was able to feel "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

His preparatory academical course was begun at the Newbury Seminary in the year 1856 and continued in 1857. While there a circumstance occurred which excited his self-respect, his attachment to the Church and people of his choice, and

shows the boy a man. The Newbury School was established and sustained by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and at that time, when the anti-slavery contest was ripening for its harvest of liberty, it was quite common for those connected with the Seminary to refer to the Wesleyan Methodists in terms of derision and bitter contempt.

Young Kenaston was no coward; and though the odds were so much against him in numbers, he never permitted a good opportunity to teach the truth upon this important subject, to pass unimproved. His testimony was plain, earnest, in a Christian spirit, and such as the verdict of history has fully sustained. When he became satisfied that to remain there longer was to dishonor himself, and retard his intellectual and spiritual qualifications for the ministry, he quietly packed his trunks and left the school, to become a student of the Orleans Institute at Glover, Vt., and a boarder in the family of Rev. Dyar Willis, by whom he was very highly prized as an excellent young man, a growing Christian, and a fine scholar. The intimacy here began never waned, but increased in richness and strength to the time of his death.

While in Glover, an effort was made to persuade him to change his plan, and enter the ministry in the Congregational Church. But though the inducement was somewhat flattering, and presented by a sincere friend, yet so firm and conscientious

were his attachments to the principles of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, that he politely, but positively rejected the proposal.

His first effort to preach was made in Salem, Vt., accompanied by a young exhorter—Alva Gray. Both looked forward to long, useful lives in the cause of Christ. But alas both have fallen. Fallen in body, but promoted in spirit. Young Gray was cut down in an assault upon the rebel works before Petersbugh.

After completing his course at Glover, brother Kenaston returned home for a few weeks. But upon consulting with Rev. John Croker, then pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Sheffield, he decided to enter the Wesleyan Methodist Seminary at Leoni, Mich., under the Presidency of Rev. John McEldowney. This institution was then struggling to attain the status of a college. At the beginning of the Fall term of 1858, he began his collegiate course. His entire school-life after his conversion was characterized by an earnest activity in all the religious interests of the school. He often took the lead of inquiry, class, and prayer-meetings, and he was an excellent leader; sounding a key-note which would draw the whole company to a higher tone, and richer, deeper harmony with the Spirit of the Master. He remained at Leoni until that Institution was removed to Adrian, Mich., and became Adrian College. While this re-

moval was being completed and suitable buildings finished for the reception of the students, he with some others spent one term in the Methodist Episcopal College at Albion, Michigan. There he formed the acquaintance of Miss Effie G. Anderson, a student in the College, daughter of Col. John Anderson, of Parma, Mich.

In Miss Anderson he realized his ideal of female excellence, and he became very much interested in her, and that interest increased as their acquaintance ripened, until he determined to do what Mrs. Browning so beautifully recommends.

> "Learn to win a lady's faith
> Nobly, as the thing is high;
> Bravely, as for life and death—
> With loyal gravity."

His feelings at this time are best expressed in his own words in a record made during his wife's visit to her maiden home, while he occupied a pastorate in Lisbon, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

"Saturday Eve, Oct. 20, 1866.

It is a splendid evening. It makes me think of some evenings I spent in Albion, when my heart yearned so much to be with one absent to night,—when it longed for an opportunity to whisper in the ear of one who was only too worthy to hear it, that little word which has eased so many hearts, and been listened to so many times with pleasure, because it touched a similar feeling. Oh, how great

would have been the satisfaction on some of those beautiful nights if I could have strolled away with her who was in my thoughts almost constantly night and day and told her *all!* Well, time gave me the coveted privilege, though it was delayed. I feel to-night a little of the same desire to be in the presence of my absent one."

It seems then, that while Greek, Latin, Philosophy and Mathematics were imparting strength and culture to his intellect, Cupid was busy expanding, enriching and ennobling his heart with love. Which of these influences is the most important we need not attempt to decide, as both are eminently necessary to the full development of the man, and each is largely dependent upon the other for its worth and beauty. Both should be sanctified by the Divine Spirit and consecrated to the glory of God.

With the opening of the Winter term he removed to Adrian College, where he remained till the Summer of 1861, when his school-days closed, though not his education; for he was a careful student to the end of life. While in Adrian he was honored by the presidency of a literary society, which he filled with satisfaction and credit.

At the close of his College life he returned to Vermont. He was ordained by the Champlain Annual Conference, at West Chazy, N. Y., Sunday, May 12, 1861. He immediately undertook the pas-

toral work of the Sheffield Church, which he continued for a year with acceptance and success.

In the Fall he made a short visit to Michigan, the main object of which can be gathered from a notice which appeared in the *Wesleyan* soon after his return.

"Married in Parma, Mich., Oct. 22, 1861, by Rev. S. Fassett, Rev. T. H. Kenaston of Sheffield, Vt., and Miss Effie G., daughter of Col. John Anderson, of Parma."

In personal appearance he was tall and slight, graceful and dignified; fine regular features; clear, warm, keen eyes; his countenance expressed frankness, gentleness, decision; his firm rapid motion indicated an important present purpose; his voice, distinct, smooth and musical; his manner earnest, thoughtful, impressive.

As was said of a noble Englishman, "He appeared outwardly the express type of what he inwardly was—a courageous Christian soldier, a fearless fighter of the good fight, a powerful leader, strong to command, to exhort and to encourage; whose daily life was war to the death with every base and evil thing, and whose preaching was like a clarion call to duty, to devotedness, to all that was holy, lovely, noble, and of good report."

In the Spring of 1862 he became pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Weybridge, Addison Co., Vt. Here he remained four years. As a minister of Christ he possessed many rare

qualifications. Not only in his active earnestness and never flagging zeal, but in that intelligent apprehension of truth, and that happy manner of expressing it which rendered his public ministrations always acceptable. His sermons were full of thought, and that thought having for its central point, its crowning attraction, Jesus Christ as the crucified Savior of lost men. He made every one believe that he was in earnest for their salvation. He realized intensely the richness of the truth as it is in Jesus; and the blessed fullness of that life of Christ which may be enjoyed in every Christian soul. He felt that he had a message from God, and he was anxious to deliver it to the people. He knew that true ministerial success consisted not in popular applause, in large salaries, or in smiling congregations; but in the changed heart and the new life of those who heard his words. He left no means untried, he let no opportunities pass for overcoming stubborn hearts, and winning them to the love and faith of Christ. He was gentle and kind as a woman; but as inflexibly determined and courageous as a lion. He was willing, yea, anxious to work earnestly and exhaustively to accomplish the great results of his mission.

The 22nd of October, 1863—the second anniversary of their marriage—was made very sad to them by death. Miss Jennie Anderson, a younger sister

of Mrs. Kenaston, a beautiful and amiable young lady, had come from her Western home to stay a time with her sister. She had won many friends in Weybridge, and was hoping for many bright years, when suddenly she was taken sick, and after a short but very painful illness she escaped the terrible sufferings of earth for the glorious joys of heaven. Concerning this brother Kenaston wrote:

"I shall never forget this—her fearful suffering, and her triumph. How *blessed* to die feeling *saved*, saved by Jesus. How blessed too to *live* saved—*saved every day* and all the while. This is the salvation we want; nothing else should satisfy us."

Her death made a deep impression, not only upon brother and sister Kenaston, who felt it so keenly, but upon the kind friends who did all that human love could prompt, and then witnessed her death which was at last as serene and lovely as her brief illness had been disturbed and agonizing.

While in Weybridge they became the parents of two children, a daughter and a son. As these cares multiplied the parents' hearts were enriched and strengthened for every good and noble undertaking.

In the Spring of 1864, a fearful sickness broke out in Weybridge by which fourteen persons, some the most healthy in town, died in a very short time. Brother Kenaston was deeply impressed with the importance of his work in trying to win

men to Christ. He labored more earnestly than ever before to persuade men to live prepared for death and eternity. I remember very well how the subject seemed to fill his whole mind at the Conference, held just after these deaths in Weybridge. That Spring the Conference was held in Lisbon, N. Y., and he had been elected to preach the opening sermon which he did on Wednesday, April 27, 1864, at 10 o'clock, from 2 Cor. ii:16. "And who is sufficient for these things?" The sermon was carefully prepared, written out in full during those fearful days and nights when funerals were nearly every day and death every night. He delivered it without the manuscript, having committed it to memory. It was, I believe, one of the ablest and most spiritual sermons I ever heard in our Conference. His own soul was deeply interested in the theme, and he made every minister present feel that it was a solemn thing to preach the truth of God to men; that they must be inspired with the love of God to do it successfully. Cawdray says: "As one candle cannot light another unless itself be lighted, no more can a minister inflame others with the love of God if he be void of it."

His ministry in Weybridge was attended with good; many found Christ through his labors and instruction, and he left many warm and earnest friends when in the Spring of 1866, he moved to Lisbon, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

The principal reason for his removal from Weybridge to Lisbon, as he told me, was, that he might have a broader field of labor. How few men there are in this age of the world who are searching for more duties and weariness in the cause of Christ. But his eye of faith saw not so much the pain and warfare, as the glorious rest and victory which lay just beyond, and shed mellow rays of golden light over all his years of toil. There are few men of so frail constitution who have worked as hard and as constantly as he.

His heart was so large, and his zeal so ardent, that he was ready to undertake all the work he could perform. One element in his character, and contributing largely to his ministerial success, was his deep spirituality. He lived and labored as one who had a rich experience in the things of God; one who enjoyed day by day a foretaste of that heaven which he offered to others. And without this, all other qualifications must be in vain. Profound learning, brilliant intellect, polished manners, eloquent delivery, popular applause altogether cannot make amends for a want of earnest piety and intimate and continued communion with God. He realized that all the lustre of Christian character; all the beauty of a holy life; all the power for Christian usefulness is but the reflection of the glory of that Savior who dwells in the hearts of his servants. His study of the Word of God was not to

build up any favorite theory, or to find weapons for carnal combat; but to find the deepest, purest springs of Divine truth, and not only drink thereof himself, but to be able to lead other thirsting souls to the same fountain.

He remained in Lisbon four years, doing noble service for the Master in every department of Christian usefulness. The labor and exposure of this circuit was more than his slender frame and delicate constitution could endure. He held long series of evening meetings several miles from home, and was obliged to return to his family through the cold winds and deep snows after the exhaustive labors of the evening. It would be hardly possible to escape colds and coughs and weak lungs under such circumstances. He resisted the encroachments of disease long and nobly, but at last his cheerful, hopeful, determined mind yielded to the stubborn fact that his health was seriously impaired.

While in Lisbon he was offered a good position and salary in the ministry of the Congregational Church, but deemed it his duty and privilege to continue the conflict for truth in what he considered to be the "advance guard of the Lord's grand army."

He was a member of the Union Convention at Cleveland, June 21st, 1865, and was the only man of one hundred and fifty who voted not for the

Union. The unhappy results of this movement prove that he was wiser than his associates.

He was Secretary of the Champlain Conference four years, and would have been chosen President then had he not removed to Syracuse. He attended three General Conferences; at Fulton, N. Y., Cleveland, O., and Syracuse, N. Y., though he was a delegate only at Cleveland.

Brother Kenaston was in its high and true sense a *Christian Reformer*. He was clear in his views and bold in his defense of truth. What he knew to be right he shrunk not from maintaining. He was, however, careful and thorough in his examination of principles and practices; therefore when he reached a conclusion, he was able to give a reason for it which was sound and defensible; and if he did not always convince his opposers, he at least compelled them to acknowledge that he was an intelligent and consistent opponent. He was a progressive reformer, dwelling not upon the dead issues of the past, but pushing vigorously to the front rank of the grand army of to-day. He frankly and successfully met the advocates of the dominant systems of evil, whether in the boldness and impudence of open daylight, or in the shrinking cowardice of secret darkness. He was able—unlike Diogenes—to find a man at mid-day without a lantern; but he was suspicious of those who needed curtained mid-night to prove their manhood. Yet

he was no Cynic, or misanthrope, searching only for faults and excrescences in his fellow-men. He was a lover of mankind, and sought by correct teaching, friendly association, and a consistent life to do them good. He was more than a spectator in the great conflicts of the present age. His sword was unsheathed and bright and keen from exercise and care. He believed that truth like the golden sun would at last break through the darkness and clouds of error's night, and shine over all the hills and plains; and his ambition was to stand and work where the first glintings of its glory would beautify his soul; not merely for his own good, but for the better service and higher glory of the Master. He was willing to bear the present pain of truth's thorny crown, knowing that in the end each thorn would be changed to a gem of diamond-worth and radiance. Ah! the cowards will be sorry then that they refused truth's strange regality. Though he courted not the reformer's unjust censure, yet he expected it all, and was prepared to meet it. The storms beat upon him in vain; for he had chosen his position, and approved by his conscience and his God he was as firm as a Spartan hero.

> "Where'er he went
> This lesson still he taught, to fear no ill
> But sin;—no being but Almighty God."

None who knew him say he was ambitious for the honors of the world. If God was glorified,

truth victorious and men were saved, he was satisfied. And may I not add that he loved truth just as truly when she was bleeding from the dagger-wounds of her enemies, as when crowned with the laurel-wreath of victory. Like Diogenes he could not be beaten from the door where truth was taught and worshiped. He never allowed that false notion—that ministers are exempt from political responsibility—to deter him from the true and ennobling duties of an American freeman. He realized that he was a man, as well as a minister, and was as accountable for his manhood as for his ministry. He felt a deep interest in every effort to secure just laws and good and wise rulers.

His earnest, conscientious, intelligent opposition to all secret societies began in early life and continued to his death. He was a member of three National Conventions of Christians opposed to Secret Societies held in Pittsburgh, Penn., Chicago, Ill., and Worcester, Mass., besides numerous conventions and meetings of a less extended character, in all of which he was ever honored and appreciated as a prudent and wise counselor, an earnest advocate—prompt, modest and capable.

The following from his pen explains his position and expectations upon the question of Secretism, and the organized opposition to it on the part of Christian men.

"In this movement I think I see the life and salvation of the Church; the Church which has to an alarming extent

been in the wilderness of combined and organized secrecy. My soul rejoices—yea greatly rejoices in this up-rising of a few of God's elect to meet the enemies of our Christ—those who have taken away our Lord and tell us of another way to heaven. O, my Father, lead them out of their darkness; expose their corruption; bring all their wicked counsels to naught! O Christ, let not Thine enemies prevail against Thee, nor Thy blood-bought Church! Help Thy professed people to see to it that they build upon Thee!'

"We should never array ourselves against any cause because it is *unpopular*—nor on the side of any cause because it *is* popular. We should be cautious about that which is generally received. Truth generally has but few friends. We should seek to know what is true and what is false, and always be on the side of truth. If we *oppose* we should know *why*. If we favor we should be able to give a good reason for that favor. 'Prove all things.' There is much blind favor, and much ignorant opposition. Every cause and truth which are a part of Christianity *can not* be overthrown, while all error must come to naught. Truth and right are immortal. Error and wrong are perishable. Light will triumph over darkness, and truth over error. Many a cause has thought itself strong when it was just ready to be brought to naught. As regards myself I have reached this point in my faith. Tell me what is *right* and I will tell you what will triumph. Secretism is one of the great agencies relied on by many at the present time for reforming and saving men. But this is only one of the lingering forms or branches of the 'Age of Reason,' and will as surely give way to the Divine plan of saving men by light, as that Christianity succeeds. I regard these efforts to save men by this means as simply and purely, Belial against Christ. It will fail and Christ will triumph."

In the Spring of 1867 he was urged to unite with

the Methodist Episcopal Church, as slavery was no longer in the way. He replied:—"I believe that Masonry will produce as severe a conflict as slavery. No!—the Wesleyan Methodist Connection is a moral necessity; and it would be sinful and offensive in the sight of God to leave a pure Church and enter one in "fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." He was told he could fight Masonry just as well inside of that Church. He replied:—"Depend upon it; to oppose Masonry or any evil that has a foot-hold in that Church, will brand you as one causing division; a disturber of the peace of the Church. Besides, I consider the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church despotic, and in direct opposition to the commands of the Son of God as recorded in Matt. xx: 25, 26. He was told that if the Wesleyans went as a body he would have to go with them or stand alone. His reply was, "I do not anticipate such an issue. I have confidence in our people, and in the principles we have embraced; but if what you predict should occur, I could not with my present views enter the Methodist Episcopal Church. I should much prefer a home among the Free Baptists or Congregationalists. A Church which discards the rights of the laity can never have my sanction or support."

Brother Kenaston was an earnest, consistent, persevering advocate of total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages. He not only lectured and

preached on the subject repeatedly, but he was foremost and constant in his effort to search out and bring to deserved punishment the illicit dealer in the deadly poison. His views upon this reform may be understood from the following extracts.

"With this as with all other important subjects we must have *agitation*—'Line upon line.' This agitation is necessary, not only for the enlightening and awakening of those who are not the professed friends of temperance, but to keep a healthy opposition and due interest in the cause in our own hearts and lives. It seems to be a law of our being, to become more or less indifferent to any subject when we cease to agitate or be active in it. We must ever be *talking* temperance, *praying* temperance, and *acting* temperance. Commence with the children; teach them to *hate* strong drink—yes HATE IT. The responsibility is with the people; we must care enough for temperance to carry our principles to the polls. When we take into consideration the terrible work of ruin which is constantly going on, caused by *rum*; when we think of the ten thousand hearth-stones where the fire of love and true devotion has gone out; of the rivers of tears flowing from the cheeks of drunkards' wives; and hear the thundering volume of wailings coming from hundreds of thousands of orphans; when we look into our poor-houses, our jails, our States prisons, and see the sadness and gloom of

these, and reflect that nearly all of this is caused by strong drink, can we be inactive and indifferent; can we refuse to agitate?"

He believed with Whittier.

"There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving."

At another time he said:—"The Church of to-day has all the machinery necessary for pulling down the strongholds of sin, and bringing the world to Christ; but she needs more of the baptism of fire; more of the power of the Holy Ghost. Without it we are like an engine with boiler, furnace, wheels, cogs, pistons, rods, levers, water, and everything in perfect condition, but *no fire*. The spirit is the fire which puts every energy of body, and faculty of mind and soul in motion. Of what value is the most beautiful compass, unless the needle has received the electric shock? A Chinese convert once remarked to a missionary: 'We want men with hot hearts to tell us of the love of Christ.' We need men of solid principles, and we are responsible for the principles we countenance and endorse. There must be no covering up of principle; and so long as there are wrongs in civil law, or practiced in civil government we must not hold our peace or rest; so long as there is wrong in principle, or practice in the Church, we must cry out against it. The cry of Satan is 'Let us alone.' Sin greatly fears the Isaiahs who 'will not hold their peace.' 'First pure

then peaceable.' We must insist on justice for all everywhere, and we must not stop with justice but reach on to salvation."

* * * * * * *

"Life is not all privilege; stern duty often, yea, constantly in our pathway. A divided life destroys confidence in us and oftentimes in the cause we advocate. It is a poor way to recommend a thing, to cling to it only half the time. 'If a thing is good, cling to it,' says the world; a divided life is fatal to soul interests. Jesus taught that no man can serve two masters. Indecision is constant restlessness."

* * * * * * *

"The conflict and the strife will be over in a little while; and then, oh—then we will resign our charge to God, with the souls we have won, and amid the joys of heaven and the songs of the redeemed sit down around the throne to enjoy its glories forever!"

* * * * * * *

"Judge not Christianity even by its most perfect embodiment in the life of its disciples here. The best are imperfect; Christianity itself teaches this. Do not judge the work of that organ-builder by the half finished instrument in his shop. There is little in it to please the eye or charm the ear. Judge not the art of the painter by the rough outline in his studio. There is scarcely a touch of life in it. You must see the picture when it is finished, as it

almost warms into life, and blushes with loveliness. You must hear the organ in the great cathedral as by the touch of the master, it pours forth its richest strains of sweetest music which electrify the congregated thousands."

Brother Kenaston was an honest man in all positions in life. In the language of his widow, "Religion to him was a principle, regulating and controlling every thing. His private life was characterized by the same devotion to principle and duty that his public was."

He never gauged his selection of subjects or his mode of explaining them by the menial question, "What will please the people or increase my salary?" The great question with him was, What is God's truth to this people to-day? This settled, and he was prepared to move right forward in presenting that truth. He felt within his soul that he was the Lord's. This conviction, deeply fixed in his mind, became the master spirit of his life and excluded every unholy purpose or common ambition. A noble Christian gentleman, of this State, whom I met on my way to his funeral, said to me, "I never was better acquainted with any minister than with Mr. Kenaston, and I never knew a man who seemed more strictly conscientious." My own opinion, formed upon thirteen years of intimate personal fellowship, is that he would not turn to the

right or left from the known path of duty for his life.

In the language of Cowper, I can say:—

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves."

His own words were,—"Oh, that we were more faithful in preaching Christ! Men love earnest preaching; they need earnest preaching, and the times demand that we preach Christ faithfully, in his offices, in his relations, and especially in his infinite sacrifice and meritorious death. Emphatically the age demands plain, practical, instructive, earnest preaching; and we must preach the encouraging truth of God. The Bible is full of promises; they must be faithfully presented; all man's necessity is met and embraced in them. Truth is the great, vitalizing principle of Christianity. God only saves men by the truth. We must not attempt to save men with *half* the truth."

In the Spring of 1870 he became pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Syracuse, N. Y. It was with reluctance that he consented to go; and it was with great reluctance that the Champlain Conference sanctioned his removal. He went because he felt it his duty to go. He said to me at the Conference that Spring, "Some one from our Con-

ference must fill that unsupplied pulpit, I am not particular who it shall be. If Brother Foster or either of two others whom he named will consent to go, I will gladly remain where I am." After he had decided to go I said to him, "It will be hard for you." He replied, "I know it. I go not for ease, but for labor." When he had been in Syracuse three months he wrote me: "I came here dreading the work as I never did a year's labor before. I knew they had had some ministers of our first talent here, and I feared I should not succeed; but I am a little more hopeful now. I shall do the best I can. I do not know as I have been really sorry we came here, though I regretted to leave the Conference bounds."

His pastoral connection with this Church continued till his death; though for several months he was unable to preach. During this period he was generously and ably assisted by Rev. A. S. Wightman, who felt that Christian kindness demanded this willing service for a dear afflicted brother. In addition to the regular pastoral work, Brother Kenaston assumed the editorial charge of the "*American Wesleyan*" and "*Children's Banner*," while Brother Crooks was absent, as Agent, in attendance upon the Fall and Spring Conferences.

This was too great a burden upon his delicate constitution.

> "Yet faithful still in his daily round
> To the weak and poor, and sin-sick found."

He remitted none of his usual labor and performed the extra with commendable skill and ability. His editorials were timely, popular, spiritual and racy. He generally underrated his own powers. This, with his unassuming modesty and anxiety to improve, led him to welcome any suggestion or correction upon his public work. While he was "sub-editor" he wrote me, "Please act as critic and send on corrections. I love to be corrected when wrong, especially if done in love."

His duties at Syracuse required the energy and strength of perfect health, and as he had not these to command, he could not perform the labor without a constant decline. The first of his lung-bleeding took place late in the Fall of 1870, after several weeks extra labor as "sub-editor," followed by an Anti-secret Convention, which cost him some anxiety and work. At the close of the Convention he made a trip to Sheffield, Vt., where his wife and family were visiting his friends. On his way he lectured in Lisbon, on Temperance, and while there had a spell of bleeding at the lungs.

An account of this journey was furnished by Brother Kenaston for the *American Wesleyan*, and is as follows:

"Sabbath evening, Nov. 21st, at 8:15, after having had the privilege of hearing an excellent sermon from Brother John Levington, of the Detroit Methodist Episcopal Conference, who preached for

me in the morning, I left the goodly 'City of Conventions'—Syracuse—for a visit to my father's in north-eastern Vermont.

"Starting Sabbath evening was necessitated by a previous engagement to lecture on Temperance at Lisbon, Monday evening; on the train, fell in with a Baptist clergyman, gave him some anti-masonic tracts, and sold him 'Finney on Masonry.' It looks next to impossible to me for a good man to read that book without being convinced of the iniquity of Masonry. Also distributed a few more tracts. One gentleman after reading his, seemed interested about the matter, and inquired about the *Christian Cynosure*, which he saw advertised on one of the tracts. A new subscriber may be added to the *Cynosure* list by this little effort. 'As ye go, preach.'

"Arrived at Ogdensburgh about 12 M., and at Lisbon a little before 2 P. M. The next train would have been too late for the promised lecture. Here four years of hard labor were spent among a kind and appreciative people. Many are here who are very dear to me—rendered so by many acts of kindness received, and by laboring together in the vineyard of the Master. May God bless them all and bring them to heaven at last.

"In the evening lectured on Temperance at the church, according to previous engagement. Though the traveling was rough, the night dark and cold,

and the church in a country place, yet there was a full house. It was really gratifying to look upon so many familiar faces, and I felt that I shook hands with them all in my heart as I arose to speak. It really seemed like home. The full house was to me as good a welcome into that pulpit where I had so many times tried to preach the word of life, as I desired.

"At the close of the lecture the speaker said to the audience that he had become a sort of a book-peddler, and could furnish them with 'Finney on Masonry,' 'Broken Seal,' or 'Masonic Conspiracy;' also had some 'Rathbun Outrage' tracts for sale, and other tracts for gratuitous distribution. Brother Foster, the present pastor of the Church, consented to act as the speaker's agent for the time, and he had the great pleasure of spending a short time in friendly greetings. That Brother Foster has a warm place in the hearts of his people, hardly need be said. It certainly need not be to the brethren of the Champlain Conference. He has labored on this Charge several years before. His congregations are large, and I trust the Lord will crown his labors with abundant success, ere this Conference year shall close.

"After meeting, found a home for the night, with Brother John Martin. Was very sorry to find Brother Aiken so poorly. Tuesday morning, having taken cold the previous evening, for the first

time in my life raised considerable blood. Whether this was from the throat or lungs, do not know.

"Tuesday forenoon, went to Brother Dawley's to see about my horse which he had been keeping for me during my stay in Syracuse, calling on my way out and return on brethren Norway, William and George Boice, Robison, Clements, Robinson, and Spafford. Took dinner at Brother Dawley's, after which made an attempt to pay him for keeping my horse six months, when I was met with this—shall I say strange rebuff—'I shall not take anything,' assigning this as a reason, 'I will not take pay from one of the Lord's servants, especially from one as faithful as I believe you to be.' Pardon me, reader, for giving his language. I wish to show that his idea was that he was giving to the Lord. Of course this very generous donation was very gratefully received, though the recipient did not feel that he had the least claim in this direction; for Brother Dawley was one of his most *liberal* supporters while on that Charge, especially after he became a member of the Church, But this was but a sample of his generosity. The Lord reward him for thus remembering one, needy enough, and at the same time, but too unworthy. The expression of regard, as manifested in his action and language, was worth more to me than the financial gain.

"At 7 o'clock in the evening, continued my journey, and arrived at my father's Wednesday eve-

ning about 9 o'clock, feeling very poorly indeed, physically. Found my parents and family connections usually well. Also Mrs. K. and three of the children here, gave me a hearty welcome. They had been absent from home about eight weeks, and here some six. One of our little boys I brought with me. Thanksgiving was spent with a brother-in-law, Mr. Ferguson, where the whole family group were gathered. This was the first time the entire family had been together for nine years on such occasion. It was very pleasant indeed; but all were not there who were with us nine years ago. Two dear sisters have since passed over the river; sister Louisa, wife of Brother Ferguson, and sister Emma, the youngest daughter. But we live in the belief that they sleep in Jesus, and so would not call them back.

On Sabbath attended service at the Methodist Episcopal Church. Was not able to preach, though urged to do so. The main difficulty to preaching was a hacking cough, which troubled me as soon as I began to speak. This Church was formerly Wesleyan Methodist, but at the time of the Union movement, the main strength of it concluded to become a Methodist Episcopal Church, and so having the power, took the Church edifice with them. Over this action many mourned deeply; and with them the writer, as it was the first Church over which he had pastoral care, and included most of

his father's family. It was the only Church, however, which has effected much by that movement, within the bounds of the Champlain Conference. And, even here, it ought to be said, only a part seceded, and there is still a Wesleyan Methodist Church in town, having a pastor, and preaching once in two weeks, as often as any of the Churches have it. Could the end have been seen from the beginning, it is *very doubtful* if there would have been a Methodist Episcopal Church here unto this day. I will forbear expressing further my feelings upon this, to me, not very pleasant theme.

"Tuesday A. M., at 9 o'clock, united in marriage T. R. Stiles, M. D., and Miss Abbie A. Jenness, at the bride's father's, Mr. George Jenness. Miss J. was the eldest daughter of my eldest sister, and by her marriage I am forcibly reminded of the rapidity with which time is passing. It seems to me but a little time since the bride of this morning was the babe in the cradle; and yet my age has more than doubled since then. May every reader of the *Wesleyan* realize,

"How swift the torrent rolls
That bears our lives away,"

and finally be prepared for the marriage supper of the Lamb

T. H. K.

Sheffield, Vt., Nov. 29th, 1870."

Again in the Fall of 1871 his editorial labor was followed by the General Conference in Syracuse. He had much care in providing for its entertainment, and by vote of that body acted as its official reporter. This period of extra labor was followed by a severe and protracted sickness, from which, in reality, he never recovered; though he rallied somewhat in the Winter. The condition of his health, as well as the deep, general interest felt in his welfare may be understood from the following notices in the *Wesleyan* at this time.

Jan. 10, 1872.—"Rev. T. H. Kenaston was on Sabbath last, dressed for the first time since his illness. He was permitted again, though weak and emaciated, to sit with his little family at the table, and all blessed the Lord again for his tender mercy."

Jan. 17.—"Rev. T. H. Kenaston, pastor of the Wesleyan Church in this city, is able to walk around, and has been in the open air within a few days. We do thank God; since we had so little hope that his valuable life would be spared us, and the world."

Jan. 31.—"Rev. T. H. Kenaston has so far recovered as to be able to attend meeting, and to a limited extent participate in the services Sabbath morning. Hopes are now entertained, that with suitable care, he will soon be blessed with accustomed health. The Lord be praised."

I visited him February 7th, and found him feeble, but full of hope, cheerfulness and determination.

"He put on
Courage, and faith, and generous constancy
E'en as a breastplate."

He accompanied Brother Stratton and myself to Prattville, February 9th, and spent the Sabbath, attending the morning service. We returned on Monday the 12th, and he felt no worse for the trip, which we all agreed was very pleasant indeed, and rich in Christian and Divine fellowship. I parted with him at his door at midnight of the 13th, which was the last time I ever saw him alive. Much as I longed for his recovery, I confess my fears were stronger than my hopes. His own feelings at this time can be best expressed in the words of his Journal:—

"February, 1872.—Upon a sick bed still. The physicians say, that my recovery is distant; that I can not labor any more this Winter. This is a matter of serious import. Doctor-bills, extra help, a dependent family; all this outwardly viewed causes my prospects to look dark indeed. But I have looked the matter over, thought of the promises, said to myself, 'This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.' Psa. lxxvii: 10. I thought that God, who could divide seas, bring water out of the rock, shake down walls, and all for the

care of his people, could care for me, meet my wants in sickness as in health. Then I said, *I will trust Him and all my interests to His care;* and now to the praise of His grace I can say, I have but little trouble about myself or my temporal affairs. The days and months that I shall be sick are with the Lord, not only in reality but in my feelings."

Brother Kenaston was a man of prayer. He went to God with every subject that troubled or pleased him, every private or public want, every joy and sorrow was carried to the bosom of the Great Father. He looked to God for the supply of temporal, as well as spiritual wants, and he refers to some special answers to prayer in this direction.

"O the great privilege of prayer. It is adapted to all the infinite varieties of human capacities, necessities and circumstances. No capacity is too great to be benefited by it, all our real necessities met, perhaps not just as *we* desire, but as God sees for our *good*, and all circumstances are sanctified by it if in the path of obedience. It is the tent in which frailty sleeps secure."

His spirit was eminently kind, patient, tender.

He says, "I mourn over the want among many professed Christians, of that charity which "endureth all things; hopeth all things." Wrangling in a Church will always drive away a revival spirit. 'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwell-

eth in God, and God in him.' Words of condemnation and censure must not be cheap."

In the words of Cowper he was,

> "Affectionate in look,
> And tender in address, as well becomes
> A messenger of grace to guilty men."

As February gave place to March, his friends strengthened their hopes and the *Wesleyan* spoke as follows:—

March 13.—"Rev. T. H. Kenaston has occupied his pulpit two Sabbath mornings with great acceptance, and considerable ease to himself."

March 20.—"Rev. T. H. Kenaston is still recovering, occupies his pulpit, and has been invited to serve the Church a third year."

Their hopes contained more of desire than expectation; and as March melted into April he grew worse, and the *Wesleyan* contained these notices.

April 3d.—"Rev. T. H. Kenaston, pastor of Syracuse Church is still in impaired health, but is heroically struggling against disease, and the demands of an extensive pastorate. He is now receiving treatment from the celebrated Dr. White, whose prescriptions, it is hoped, may prove beneficial. Let the Church everywhere, pray for the recovery of this young minister of the gospel of Christ, whose principles and talents are especially demanded by the exigencies of the times. His Church is cheerfully

and kindly paying him his salary, notwithstanding the expense of assistants.

April 10th.—"Rev. T. H. Kenaston is still feeble, and thinks somewhat of leaving his charge a few weeks, that both mind and body may have rest, hoping thereby that more benefit may be derived from the course of medical treatment which he is now pursuing."

April 8th he wrote me—:

"I am not near as well as when you were here. My cough is very bad indeed, and my appetite has recently failed; but I am not to preach any more at present; shall go to my father's; for, perhaps, six weeks; I feel I must throw off *all* Church and home *cares*. I am trusting in warm weather, medical skill, and the mercy of God for recovery. But may be my work is done. I have preached in the morning four times; do not know as it particularly hurt me, but am not so well now."

March 29th and April 8th he had two severe hemorrhages which weakened him very much.

He immediately removed to Sheffield, Vt., where everything that a healthy climate, medical skill, and deep, pure, earnest love *could do*, was gladly done for him, but without avail, only to increase his joy, diminish his sorrow, and smoothe his passage to the tomb.

His letter to the Champlain Conference—herewith published—and the following extract from his

journal, plainly shows that he was cheerful and trusting.

"Oh, the blessed hope of the Christian!—It embraces all that is necessary for the perfect satisfaction of all the desires and longings of the human mind, however much these may have been enlarged by religious experience and the operations of God's Spirit.

"How precious it is to trust in Christ, to follow Him, nothing doubting. He brings light out of darkness, and joy out of sorrow. He knows every pang that wrings our breasts and, in His measure, feels it too; nor will He permit one needless drop to be added to our cup of sorrow. The great issues of life lie not all within this little island of time. We are living for eternity, and our Saviour invites us to launch out upon His almightiness and prepare our vision for the more precious revelation of what lies beyond."

For nearly four long, weary, heated summer-months he pined, and suffered and wasted away in body, while his soul was growing richer, and fairer, and stronger for the grand and glorious enjoyments of the better land.

The WESLEYAN of August 7, three days before his death, contained the following:—

FROM REV. T. H. KENASTON.

It will interest our many readers to know of the present physical condition of our dear Brother Ken-

aston, and more so to read a few lines from his pencil as given below, though they were intended to be private. He says:—

"BELOVED BROTHER STRATTON:—

With my own hand I will try to pencil you a few lines. God bless you and all the dear ones in Syracuse. How I love you all. Shall I ever see you again? Probably not on earth, but I hope to in heaven. Here I lie day after day and week after week. God only knows why it is. I have prayed for my discharge, if there were no more for me to do. But the discharge comes not, and I remain without release. My sufferings are very severe. Not a day passes without them. So intense do they seem, frequently, that I have almost feared at times that my feet would slide. The cause of it at present seems to be the indigestion of my food, and the generation of gas in my stomach. Then too, my cough troubles me much—and experience great difficulty in "raising." It is usually after midnight before I have much rest, and often one, two, three or four o'clock are reached before rest relieves me. This, Dear Brother, requires grace for one to bear, so weak as I am. *My Father helps me keep on the Rock.*

"I suppose naturally enough that my brethren in Syracuse are praying less for my recovery, and more for my being sustained while I remain, and

have a triumphant death. Let them remember the old saying—'while there is life there is hope.' I wish not to live after my work is done. But when I look at my little family, I would like to live if it were my Father's will. Then, too, I feel that this is a glorious time to live and fight for God and truth.

"I must close. Give my love to all. How I long to see all! May Heaven bless the dear Church, and give them a year of prosperity.

Your Brother in Christ

T. H. KENASTON.

Sheffield, Vt., July 29, 1872."

[NOTE.—Bro. Kenaston is still remembered in the prayers of the Church, publicly and privately. And many have believed that God could and would raise him up. The use to which God can put such men is of the highest importance, and is increased by the fact that so few are willing to do and dare at the front in the moral battle. In the contest for all that is pure in morals, and dear in Christian ethics, Brother Kenaston has been always found at the post of duty. And now if he should be called away in his early prime it would be one of those unaccountable mysteries which ever on earth vail the Infinite's intent. But thanks be to the power and love of God! His work can be done without any of us. Let us believe in and trust Him; and then, living or dying all will be

well.—May the Lord give his strength and spirit to our brother, and fit him for the great work of the present, and great glory of the future.—ED.]

In the next issue, Aug. 14, Bro. Stratton announced his death in the following beautiful and touching manner:—

THOMAS HARVEY KENASTON.

A faithful minister, devoted husband, affectionate father, pure patriot, consistent Christian, truth's firm friend, sin's open enemy, and a valiant leader in reform's embattled hosts has passed beyond the conflict of earth's voices, to where all is peace. His wife writes from Sheffield, Vt., Aug. 12th, as follows:

"MONDAY MORNING.

DEAR BROTHER STRATTON:—My precious one has found rest at last. He was released from suffering at fifteen minutes before twelve, Saturday night, August 10th. His sufferings were terrible to the last. Oh, if I could forget them! I am trying to lean upon Jesus, and I do feel that He strengthens; but oh, it is hard—and earth looks so dark! Pray for me!

Services will be conducted by Brother Patridge, of Weybridge, Vermont, Brother Wardner, of West Chazy, N. Y., and Brother Pritty, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place, on Tuesday, one P. M.

Yours in sorrow:

MRS. KENASTON."

It was the close of the week, when the wheels stood still. The Sabbath of rest was at hand. The sable curtains of midnight wrapped the earth, and the stars stood around the midnight throne, as his soul

> "Passed through Glory's morning gate,
> And walked in Paradise."

He rests from all care and all pain. His boon companions and brothers in arms hasten to his coffin's side to pay the dust of the departed its funeral rites, and to mingle their tears with the wife and four children so sorely bereft.

Dear brethren in the ministry, as our ranks are being thinned by the shafts of death, it takes another prop from beneath the load, and leaves the more for us to lift. Do we feel the burden as we should? Then let us do our best, by overwork, to fill the vacancy. Closer order now! Move more cautiously, valiantly and vigorously! The day is far spent; the night is at hand. As Brother Kenaston said in his last letter, and almost with his dying hand. "This is such a glorious time to live and work." Life's long week will soon be over with us all. Let us so work that rest will be sweet at home in the dear Sabbath land."

Thus we see that he died the same hour of the day, the same day of the week, and nearly the same day of the year in which Rev. Orange Scott, of blessed memory, passed from the toils and pains of earth to the rest and joy and glory of heaven.

Brother Kenaston's last days were very trying to the frail body, and especially to the whole nervous system. His last experience was more a season of safety and peace in trusting the infinite love of the Divine Father as seen through Jesus Christ, than of ecstacies of joyful triumph; yet he had times when the immortal soul seemed to assert its right to rejoice in defiance of the suffering, dying body. Once, during the last afternoon, when his sister mentioned the Christian's hope, he exclaimed, "Oh, blessed hope!—Oh, blessed hope!"—repeating the expression until his voice failed and only the faintest whisper, a radiant smile, and an upward gaze told of the precious thought, and the rich joy that was filling his mind and heart. His end was peace. That "peace of God which passeth understanding." A Christian conqueror may die calmly; for Christian courage is a deep, quiet power, unconscious of itself, but of unspeakable advantage to those who possess it. Thus God is burying his workman, but carrying on his work.

Others will spring up to fill the places of those called away. Is there not one who will gladly step forward and take up the glittering sword of the promoted warrior, and wield it as faithfully as he did? One thought greatly comforts the Christian soldier, viz:—the cause of truth is never ruined by the death of its champions.

How imperishable must be that cause which can

survive its defenders; yea, which can save its defenders when they can fight no longer; can envelop them in an imperious coat of mail, and send them to the grand camp of triumph above, where victor-songs are sung, and conflicts are no more.

He was buried, August 13th, and at his request I preached a sermon from the theme, "The glory and reward of heaven are more abundant than all the sufferings of earth." Rom. viii: 18. Brother Benton, pastor Wesleyan Church, Albany, Vt., brother Pritty, pastor Methodist Church, Sheffield, Vt., and brother Willey, pastor Baptist Church, Sutton, Vt., were present, and kindly assisted in the services. Much to the regret of all parties, Bro. Wardner was prevented from being present by the unfaithfulness of the Telegraph Co. in delivering the despatch.

The sermon preached at his funeral was prepared during the early part of his illness, and in the main approved by him on my last visit to him in February.

> "How beautiful it is for man to die
> Upon the walls of Zion! To be called,
> Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
> To lay his armor off, and rest in heaven."

Safe as he is, and fondly as we whisper—"he is resting now;" yet,

> "The hope of that world whose existence is bliss,
> May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this."

Brother Kenaston will be missed and mourned

by a large circle of warm and earnest friends; in the Conference where none were honored more or loved better; in the Churches where he was ever a welcome guest and an appreciated teacher; in all the homes he was wont to enliven and bless with his presence and holy influence; in the ranks of the true and brave where truth was illustrated and guarded, and where error was exposed and destroyed. But more than all, and deeper than all, he will be most keenly missed in that home he has left desolate, and in those hearts that have so long thrilled with pleasure in his presence and drooped in sadness in his absence. Let not our sympathy for them be wanting, nor let us fail to manifest it in every proper and acceptable manner.

"Mourn for the *living*, mourn,
But weep not for the dead;
They need your tears from whom is torn
Their pattern and their head."

How significant the fact that Nature had furnished his grave with a smooth stone bottom; as though he who loved the *Rock* so *well*, might not rest, even in death, upon the shifting sand of earth.

Perhaps I cannot better close this sketch, than in the words of Bickersteth's dying seer.

"The last day of my earthly pilgrimage
Was closing, and the end was peace.
The lamp that hung
Suspended in my chamber slowly paled
And flickered in its socket; But my soul

Was lit up with a purer, clearer light,
The day-break of a near eternity,
Which cast its penetrating beams across
The isthmus of my life, and fringed with gold
The mists of childhood, and revealed beyond
The outline of the everlasting hills.
I knew
My hours were numbered, and that I should see
No other sunshine on this weary world;
And gently said,
'My wife, my darling, I am going home;
God wills it, darling,---going home to-night.'
Sorely I feared the first shock of my words
Upon the tenderest of human hearts,
A wife's, a mother's heart. But softly laying
Her hand upon my burning brow, she said,
'I know it all, beloved husband, God
Hath spoken to me also, and hath given
These brief hours to my wrestling prayers. Enough
To-morrow and all after-life for tears,
To-day and all eternity for love.'
God was there,
I knew it, I was with him; and meanwhile,
His angel gently loosened all the cords
Of my frail tabernacle, and the tent
Fluttered to every breeze.
I was more
Than ankle-deep in Jordan's icy stream;
My gentle wife, with love stronger than death,
Was leaning over those cold, gliding waves.
I heard them speaking, but could make no sign;
I saw them weeping, but could shed no tear;
Gradually
The figures faded on the shore of time:

And, as the solemn bell of midnight struck,
One sob, one effort, and my spirit was free."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER BY REV. J. CROKER.

Brother Kenaston had a sound conversion when a boy, under the ministry of the late Rev. Ira Hall, by whom he was baptized. His call to the work of the ministry was recognized by the Christian community almost simultaneously with his conversion; amongst others by the venerable Elder Woodman, pastor of the Freewill Baptist Church in Sheffield, who soon took him into his pulpit to assist him in public worship. More than one Christian in Sheffield has spoken to me of that scene as exceedingly touching; that modest boy seated with that white-haired man, high above the people, and with no signs of slavish fear, offering prayer in language as appropriate as though he already felt something of the awfulness of his high commission. I first became acquainted with him in 1858, when I was preaching on the Albany and Glover Circuit. He and all his father's family were members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in South Glover. He had just completed his academic course, and seemed in a state of indecision in relation to the next step toward the Christian Ministry. He frankly informed me of his purpose to devote himself to this work, but was

not satisfied with his literary qualifications, and wished to pursue a higher course of study. I immediately suggested that he should go to the Wesleyan Methodist Seminary at Leoni, Mich. He replied "That is just what I want." His subsequent well-digested pulpit efforts and scholarly contributions to the press show with what assiduity he devoted himself to study at Leoni and afterwards at Adrian College.

J. CROKER.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS BY REV. DYAR WILLIS, PASTOR OF M. E. CHURCH, WATERBURY CENTRE, VT.,—AND HIS WIFE.

BRO. PATRIDGE:—Our much respected and lamented Brother Kenaston visited us at Cabot, and again at Middlesex, Vt. Those interviews were like the meeting of Paul and Titus. 2 Cor. vii: 6. We then held sweet converse together, and parted in Christian fellowship, expecting to meet in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, to go no more out forever. Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. I remember him as a very worthy young man, and an able minister of the Word of God. I was not much associated with him in his more mature ministry, I will therefore mention but a few incidents. The question arose in an Annual Conference with regard to the trial of officers of the Conference: when he remarked "In the judgment of the great day, those in high positions will

as certainly be judged as those of lower rank, why should it not be so here?" I once asked his opinion of the rule excluding members of Secret Societies from the Church. He replied, "I think it will be easier to keep the serpent out, than to oust him when once in the Church." With reference to the Communion he said, "I believe it is the Lord's Table, and all his true followers have a right to come to it." To the question—"Are you not ready to join the Methodist Episcopal Church?" he answered, "I have not yet heard them fully confess their sins with regard to American Slavery." How pleasing a prospect before the righteous, a home with all the loved ones, and the lovely. The greatest object of all effort is to fit souls for heaven, to glorify God.

DYAR WILLIS.

DEAR BRO. PATRIDGE:—Brother Kenaston was one we loved, and love to think of; his memory is blessed. He was one of our best Christian gentlemen. His Christian character stood out where it was seen in all departments of life, every day; as he used frequently to say, "I wish to demonstrate my religion by my daily walk;" and he surely did. He ever kept his charge in view; and with what fervor would he sing that hymn he loved so well,

"A charge to keep I have," &c.

He could rejoice with any who were in ecstacy or

weep with those in tears. Well do we remember his loving sympathy and words of comfort when we were bereaved of our loved ones and left childless. He was ever ready to lend a listening ear to those in distress, and to give words of comfort, and his kind deeds were richer than his words. He was a good man, his work was done, although we could not see it. He was ready, all ready, for heaven and its joys, and our poor excuse for life should at once surrender. His example let us follow as he followed Christ, that when our work on earth is ended we may be as ready as our dear brother to enter the joy of our Lord.

MARY D. WILLIS.

WEYBRIDGE MEMORIAL SERVICES.

To honor the memory of Rev. T. H. Kenaston, and to impress the living with the duty of a true life, Memorial Services were held in the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Weybridge, Vt., on Sunday, September 1st, 1872.

The front of the desk (where he had preached from 1862 to 1866) was covered with black broadcloth, gracefully festooned with white and purple flowers. Upon a table in the altar stood a monument of pure white, three feet high, resting upon a broad white base, emblematic of Christ; on the face of the monument was printed one word, F A I T H.

The monument was wreathed with an evergreen vine, with tiny knots of beautiful white flowers. The pure fragrance of these flowers, though not half so rich or lovely as that proceeding from a symmetrical life of holy faith in Jesus Christ, might be used to represent this, and thus add force and instruction to the beauty of the illustration.

After suitable introductory exercises, a sermon was delivered by the Pastor, Rev. L. C. Partridge, to a large audience of the friends of the deceased minister upon the

THEME,

"God buries his workman, but carries on his work."

Text—Deut. xxxiv: 5, 6.—"So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab over against Beth-peor."

The theme of the discourse was abundantly supported by a brief, yet comprehensive sketch of the life of Moses, John the Baptist, Abraham Lincoln, and Orange Scott, showing that each of these important leaders was called away from his great work just when (according to human wisdom) he was most needed to carry it on to completion; and that in each case God raised up new leaders or agencies by which the great results were accomplished just as successfully.

The discourse closed with a historical sketch of

the life of Brother Kenaston embracing his childhood, youth, manhood; as a son, brother, friend, companion, parent; as a laborer, student, citizen, minister, reformer; the advocate of every good, and uncompromising foe of every evil; modest, sincere, earnest, zealous, useful; respected by all, and loved by many, whose smile was glad, whose laugh was music set to words of love.

"For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth."
"And soon or late to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven."

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN SYRACUSE, N. Y., AUGUST 18, 1872.

After intelligence of the death of Rev. T. H. Kenaston reached Syracuse, the Church took immediate measures to hold appropriate Memorial Services. It appointed committees on music, drapery, and addresses. On Sabbath morning the church was filled to its utmost seating capacity, and the pulpit was draped in mourning, while rich bouquets made of green and white relieved the somber shades of mourning. In the rear of the pulpit, upon the wall were folds of black and white fabric, hanging in the form of an arch, and be-

tween the sides of which, and in the center were fixed the words—

IN MEMORIAM.

Services were commenced by singing the hymn beginning,

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

The singing of this expressive hymn with its stirring adaptation, had a most thrilling effect upon the entire audience.

Rev. Dr. Arnold, of the M. E. Church, a true reformer, and the personal friend of brother Kenaston, made the opening prayer, which was full of thought, pathos and unction.

After singing another hymn beginning,

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

Rev. A. Crooks spoke for substance as follows:—

We are here to-day, not to praise the dead, but to admonish and consolate the living. To us as a Church this is a new experience. In a history of some thirty years, this pulpit is draped for the first time. Taken from his post of duty and responsibility some nine months ago, to days and weeks and months of severe suffering, and to a life-and-death struggle, on the 10th inst., fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock at night, our beloved pastor,

Thomas Harvey Kenaston received his release from this theater of toil, conflict and suffering, and went up to take his crown of imperishable glory. Affection for his dependent family, and devotion to the cause of his Master made him desire to live, though he feared not to die.

We are all mourners to-day; but we sorrow not as those having no hope. Our brother is *gone*, but not *lost*. "Life and immortality have been brought to light." It has been written, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

But in memory and affection, and in the fruits of his labor, brother Kenaston is still with us. We note some points of special interest in his character and history.

1. He was converted in early life, and the *fact* of his conversion was clear to himself and all who knew him. His intelligent zeal soon marked him as a future embassador for Christ. Had he not been thus converted while in youth, dying in such early manhood, his life must have been a comparative failure. But as it is, the arbitraments of eternity will pronounce it a grand success. He has gathered gems for the Master's crown. Will not the young people of this congregation act wisely and go and do likewise? God grant that you may.

2. His talents were solid, rather than brilliant. His appeals were to the conscience and understand-

ing rather than the imagination or passions. Not the glare of words of men's wisdom, but the plain, direct, earnest statement of gospel truth. Not the lightning, and thunder, and tempest, but the gentle and fertilizing shower. Not the sudden jerk, but the steady pull, which raises the weight.

But qualities of the heart as well as those of the head distinguished him. Hence to be appreciated *fully*, he had to be known *intimately*. He was candid, kind, gentle, urbane, confiding, affectionate, honest—too sincere to be ceremonious—independent in thought, and fearless in utterance and action. His deportment was adorned by native dignity and manly good sense.

Possessed of these qualities he was held in high esteem in the Champlain Conference, where he was best known. Hence his removals were infrequent. For several years he was pastor at Weybridge, Vt., and also at Lisbon Center, N. Y. In our hearing, the delegate from the latter place told the Conference that he was prepared to contract brother Kenaston's services for forty years. Happy is that minister who can have such an indorsement. The confidence of his Conference is seen in that he was elected its Secretary, Treasurer of its Missionary Society, and in 1867, one of its delegates to the General Conference at Cleveland, Ohio.

3. He was eminently devoted to our distinctive denominational principles. Judged from a human

stand-point, a Wesleyan Methodist pulpit is not a very promising stepping-stone to either wealth or fame. The young man of culture, promise, and common ambition who chooses it as his life-long post of duty, in that act makes it a monument of *sterling personal integrity.* It was reported that in the Convention at Cleveland, looking to a union with certain other Methodist bodies, the platform was adopted by a unanimous vote. This was a mistake. With his own lips Brother Kenaston told me that he stood up in the vote against it. Amid the potent appliances brought to bear to induce him to forsake our denominational ship, and they were powerful indeed, he stood as immovable as the pillars of Hercules.

His last letter, written eleven days before his departure, pours the clear daylight of eternity through every apartment of his soul.

[Here the speaker read the letter which may be found on page 45 of this volume, and continued:]

Manifestly the heart which indited the foregoing words was ripe for heaven. His deep solicitude and fervent prayers for the prosperity of the Church, the salvation of the youthful portion of the congregation and of the members of the Sabbath-school are fully known only to God. But he is gone! He has ceased to plead, entreat, implore and pray. There is one less to work for Jesus and labor for souls. *Will not some one this day settle the question*

to live for God and heaven? Shall not we, ministers and people, *re-consecrate ourselves to our holy, heaven-appointed work?* There is much to be done, and but little time in which to do it.

God help us all, as has our brother, to live a Christian, die a victor, and ascend to join the multitude, which no man can number, in ceaseless praises "unto Him who hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood; to Him be glory and dominion forever. Amen."

ADDRESS OF REV. A. S. WIGHTMAN.

Rev. A. S. Wightman spoke, substantially as follows:—

"The relation which I have the honor of sustaining to the clergy, the cherished benefits which I have received through the pulpit ministrations of our departed brother, and the impressive suggestions of these memorial services, all alike prompt in me a willingness to offer a few thoughts on this sad occasion.

There are three elements associated with man's relation to the Divine government, around which, what I now have to say, will cluster. These three elements are, the eternity of being, the eternity of knowledge, and the eternity of truth.

Man, in some respects, is an offshoot of the Divine character; he bore originally the mental and moral image of God. The mental image still re-

mains, though seriously embarrassed, while the moral may be said to have suffered more seriously still. The moral and mental attributes of God are as imperishable as his essential nature; hence while man possesses them he must possess imperishable being. Death, then, can be only an accident, in no sense imperiling continued being. Our brother is not here; as this sad drapery but too plainly tells; yet he is in the full possession of conscious being, over on the golden hills of life where tears fall not, and changes never come.

Change of the relations of being, in no sense involves the cessation of being. Here we toil and suffer; there we shall rest and rejoice; yet our personal identity will remain in all the same. Hence our departed brother is not really dead; but gone on to a higher and more glorious sphere.

The eternity of knowledge is also a great central truth involving much that is of vital interest to us. Our personal knowledge involves the sublime developments of both worlds. We who are here, know what transpires there; that is, all which is necessary for us to know, by means of revelation. The Word tells us of a sea of glass mingled with fire; and of a company, who, through earnest efforts, have conquered the beast and shaken off his image; and are standing upon the sea of fire, and that they have palms in their hands, and wear white robes, and handle the harps of God.—The Word

also assures us, that such as die in the Lord are blessed from *henceforth*. These and many other similar assurances tell us, most impressively, of the happy change which our brother has made.

Departed spirits know well, also, what is transpiring in this world; although by different means than those through which we know what transpires in the spirit world. Spirits, disburthened of a broken, mortal body, possess clearer and stronger perceptive powers than we do, a larger range of knowledge than we do, and make observations from a vastly higher sphere than we can; wherefore we think it quite philosophical to conclude, that by these advanced steps they may know the events of our world; as well as we, by revelation, may know the events of their world.. These things being so, our brother may see these tears that fall, hear these sighs which escape from deeply moved breasts, and look with grateful emotions upon the sorrow-stricken features of this large and intelligent congregation. Yes, he knows us all; he knows how deeply our sympathies are moved; both for the departed, and the dear stricken ones of his own house which he has left; and he knows well the purposes of many hearts, to meet him on the golden shore. By faith we greet him still; and through faith we will yet meet him on the sunny hills of life, where sorrows never come and shadows never fall.

The eternity of truth is also a pleasing theme

for contemplation in an hour like this. Truth once spoken becomes an immortal proclamation. The voice which uttered it may cease to be heard by mortals, yet the undying verity like a chariot of light flies onward making its earnest appeals to successive generations yet to come.

We who are present here to-day have heard the principles of life which have so often fallen from his sacred lips. Let us remember that our obligations to receive their instructions have not ceased because their author has passed from our midst. We cherish his memory to-day; let us honor it by reducing to practice the saving precepts which he so faithfully gave us. The stars may cease to shine, the sun grow dim with age, and nature sink in years; and this beautiful world of ours under the racking power of dissolution fall back to *chaos* from which it came; but truth, immortal truth, such as our brother so fearlessly proclaimed, will live and shine while eternity endures. It may for a time be eclipsed, and even trodden under foot; but

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
> The eternal years of God are her's;
> While *wounded error* writhes in pain,
> And dies amid her worshipers."

Our brother's brief career of earnest toil and his present rest in Heaven are forcibly expressed in these moving lines of the poet. Our brother

struggled with the "rolling clouds," disease and general debility, until no longer able to stand in the pulpit; but he now rests in the bright sunshine of Heaven.

"As some tall cliff of awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway meets the storm;
While around its heart the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

ADDRESS OF REV. L. N. STRATTON.

Rev. L. N. Stratton spoke in substance as follows:—

When a victor of the Olympic games, or from any of the great campaigns of Greece returned to his native city, the walls were broken down, and upon an elevated settle he was borne through them upon the shoulders of men, amid shouts of joy and songs of triumph. We come not here to mourn a brother's defeat, but to rejoice at his victories, and his triumphant entry into the Golden City.

On that Saturday night when his last struggles were ended and life's long week was over, could we have stood with spiritual vision clear, and seen him enter the wide-swung gates of glory, perhaps with bands of music coming out to meet and welcome him with "an abundant entrance" into the realms of light, we would rejoice to-day, instead of weeping. He was God's soldier and confronted many enemies without and within. A week ago last night

he fought his last battle; and the last enemy which through Christ he destroyed, was death. The world has need of so many such hearts and arms as his in moral battle that we are led to wonder what the wisdom can be in removing him. But my friends, we can see only the coarse part of the machinery on the outside of the building where we are. Were we passed within as he is, then we could discover the exquisite workings of an infinite Father's plans. God has some plan, only a small part of which we can see. Our brother Kenaston must live forever, and into that forever he has passed a little earlier than we might have supposed. God has some better thing prepared for him.

Two soldiers stood by the tent of a dead comrade, and one remarked, "There's another poor fellow got his discharge." "No, not that!" "Well, if not discharged what is it?"—"Only transferred."—"Transferred where?" "To the other department." "What for?" "Don't know, that depends upon what he is fit for." So our brother is transferred through death's portals—to take his place among immortal spirits—to fulfill the high behests of eternal Wisdom.

To this end death comes alike to all. No sex is spared; no age exempt. The majestic and courtly roads over which monarchs pass; the way that men of learning tread; the path along which the warrior flies, and the short and simple story of the

poor,—all lead to one place,—all terminate in that enormous house—the end of all living—the grave. One short sentence closes the history of every man, be he a Cæsar or a Hannibal; a Cyrus or a Xerxes; the rich man or Lazarus dog-licked at his gate; Methuselah, or the child of yesterday, and that one short sentence is, "And he died." It is written of the oldest patriarch the world ever knew, "The days of his years were nine hundred and sixty-nine and he died." There it is—"and he died." Yes he died, he had to. And if so, what of us who are so short of life and few of years.

Dear hearer, remember "It is appointed unto men once to die,"—and hence unto you. Are you ready? "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Do you feel that death will be a rest to you? Have you so toiled amid the din and dust of earth that thoughts of the sweet groves of peace give a thrill of delight? Will you go home as a child, wearied with its toys, lies down and sweetly rests? Or must you be scourged to it like a prisoner to his cell? Though anxious to live and dare and do for Christ, do you not sometimes long to lay your aching head and painful heart beneath the soil—

> "To slumber in that dreamless bed
> From all your toil?"

Our departed brother clung to life, it is true, but he was ready. He said so in his last letter,

and with almost his dying hand. And what wonder that he wanted to live? He said it was for the sake of his little family, and for the Master's cause. "For," said he—"this is such a glorious time to live and fight for God and truth." Ah!—that expression shows the still beating aspiration of that dying soldier-heart. It was like the last command of the dauntless Lawrence—"Stand your ground, my braves!"—or the prostrated General Wolfe at the battle of Quebec, whose dying words were, "And now God be praised, but do your duty, men!"—or Commodore Perry who shouted with his final gasp,—"Don't give up the ship!" So with our dauntless Kenaston. He shouts again to his Charge here on the battle lines, "Forward!—my braves!" "For this is a glorious time to live and fight for God and truth." He died of wounds received in this moral battle. To it he gave all his manhood's years, and then fell like a soldier;—he died at his post.

Early in our acquaintance, which began five years ago, he gave me the key to his heart, and bade me welcome within. I knew what was there. Since then, together we have walked, eaten, slept, journeyed, boarded, visited at each other's homes, and in short, *been intimate*. I think I knew him well. His cheerfulness sometimes disguised the fact that he entertained the deepest of moral convictions and

sentiments, *and was by the grace of God, living for eternity.*

His sentiments were his own. He never asked himself whether his brethren, or the wisest and the best would agree with him; but upon all new issues his queries were "What does God want?" "What does Christ teach?" He seldom shaped his course by that of other men, but always seemed to me to travel straight toward truth, whether it ran parallel to, or across the paths of others. He did not seek the tortuous highway with easy grades, along which the popular crowd of Christians ascend the hill toward moral truth, but he always seemed to see the streaming light and went for it direct—though it led across lots.

He had his failings. He was a man. Was clad in human flesh, and like all others made mistakes. But in the grand aim of life he consulted not with flesh and blood, but with a will like a Mameluke's arm, and the directness of a Sythian lance, he drove his mark to the center, and trampled the adversary under his feet.

But he has gone. His place in his family, in the social circle, in religious meetings, conferences and conventions, will now be vacant. And only by his influence will he hereafter lift up his voice against the sword of the coming enemy.

Upon whose shoulders shall his mantle fall? Who of the young men and young women; who of

this entire audience will lift the harder now that he has fallen under the load? Who with me will consecrate yourselves anew to Christ and his work to-day? The battle must go on though the soldiers fall, and in the not distant future, victory or defeat must come. Will these, who were so long under his training, and many of whom were enlistments of his mustering, let the cause recede because the leader has fallen? Will they in view of the demands of the living present, will they in view of the mighty To-Day—

"Arise, for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on,
Your leader has fallen in armor,
In which to the fight he had gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has a part to play,
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day!"

Have you never heard Brother Kenaston, when urging to greater energy in the great work of soul-saving, speak of the young Spartan who complained to his father that his sword was too short, and the old veteran responded?—"Add a step to it." So do thou in the rest of life's journey. Every day has its conflicts. "Add a step to the sword."

I entreat you in the words of a hymn that he loved:

"Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low,

Keep back no words of knowledge,
Which human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet,
Shall be thy just reward.

FUNERAL SERMON PREACHED AT SHEFFIELD, VERMONT, AUGUST 13, 1872, BY REV. L. C. PATRIDGE, OF WEYBRIDGE, VERMONT.

A certain poet has said:—

"If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."

This is the mission for which I have come here to-day. I would not dare mention my own soldiership before such a warrior as my brother has proved himself to be. But I would, in this hour of keenest sorrow, bear away these deeply wounded hearts and lay them on the calm and loving bosom of my God, whose purest sympathy and healing comfort are so richly bestowed. And I would tread carefully by the open grave of the dear departed, and softly, tenderly replace the green sods over as true and noble a man as I ever knew.

My text may be found in Romans viii: 18.

"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

What would have been the reply of Columbus if he had been told of the labor, and sacrifice and suffering which lay between him and the discovery of the Western Continent; that poverty, ridicule, and contempt would meet him in every turn in the path; that the Republic of Genoa, the kingdoms of Portugal, of England, and of Spain would successively reject his proposals, and turn him away mortified and stinging with pain; that nearly twenty years would roll their weary round before he should set his foot upon the unknown shore, and thank the God of heaven for his success? I think he would have said, while his eye kindled with a fire which no discouragement could quench, "I reckon that the toil and suffering of twenty years are not worthy to be compared with the honor and the glory which future ages will bestow upon him who gives to mankind a new world."

Who has not admired the dying words of Gen. Wolfe? He had suffered most intensely, in repeated disasters; in personal sickness; in severe wounds; in heavy losses in his army; had overcome almost insurmountable obstacles; fought a desperate battle, in which he was borne mortally wounded from the field. He was told that the

enemy fled before his tried battalions, when he exclaimed, "Now God be praised; I will die in peace."

He was just in the bloom of life, at the age of thirty-three; honored beyond his years with this important command; England all aglow with enthusiastic praise of his acheivements; a desirable marriage awaiting his return. And yet, with all these inducements to live, and all these painful experiences pushing him toward death, he could say, "I die content," or in other words, "I reckon that all my sacrifices and sufferings are not worthy to be compared with the honor and glory which will crown my memory in the hearts of my countrymen, and in the history of the world."

Cyrus W. Field encountered unsurpassed adversities in laying the Atlantic Telegraph. He crossed the ocean seven times; expended large sums of money; met the taunts of the world for determining to *do* what others said *could not be done.* He argued and plead and almost begged of capitalists to help him with their money. He spent twelve years of labor, anxiety, discouragement, failure. He made himself a bankrupt; and yet during all these years he felt so sure of victory that he could have said, "I reckon that all this toil, disappointment, and expense, are not worth comparing with the wealth, satisfaction and honor, which are certain to reward this protracted struggle."

If these men in such enterprises could endure so great trials, and feel satisfied with the results promised, with what unshaken firmness may God's children go forward trusting in the divine Word, assured that an eternity of unspeakable glory shall be their reward. The compensation infinitely outmeasures all the toil, sacrifice and pain which can possibly attend the faithful discharge of every duty which is laid upon them. There are few Christians who are called to endure one tenth of what the Apostle passed through, and he could testify with unshrinking faith, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

The theme of the discourse to-day will be, The Rewards of Heaven are more abundant than the Sufferings of Earth.

We must not understand that the Apostle here ignores earthly suffering, or meets it with stoical indifference. No, he was perhaps as sensitive to the touch of pain and sorrow as any living man. He even makes a record of his sufferings for the encouragement of his fellow-disciples. But in the midst of it all, and above it all, he maintains such a view of the glory of heaven as enables him to bear it all without a murmur, but actually to "glory in tribulations," not for their sake, but "knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience

experience; and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." It is then to secure these rich experiences that he endures sorrow so triumphantly. Like the traveler, he is willing, yea, anxious to climb to the very mountain-top for the expansive and beautiful scenery which there greets his eye and feasts his mind. Or, like the miner, he rejoices in the hard labor and darkness of the mine for the sake of the rich and precious ores he finds therein and makes his own. The Apostle's life was full of sorrow and yet God's grace so shaped it all that the sweetest juice of the crushed grapes filled and overflowed his cup of blessing. And who does not know that the finest flour is obtained only by the closer pressure of the millstones. So he who would drink from the springs of Paradise, and eat the fruit of life's fair tree. must first dip his feet in the chilling Jordan, and feel the dash of its spray upon his throbbing temples.

Among the rewards of heaven, and constituting a part of the saints' eternal glory we notice,

1. The possession of a perfect, spiritual body not subject to pain, disease, or death.

Much of the suffering of earth is in consequence of a defective body. Every nerve is full of capacity to receive pain, and how often this capacity is

tested to its utmost. The heart is subject to intense agony, and often this agony is experienced until each drop of blood the heart contains seems changed to a blistering coal of fire. Sorrow is not a stranger to the human heart which sometimes stops to tarry for the night; it is a resident who claims possession and authority. It is not an overshot thread which may be picked out and leave the fabric still complete; it is the very woof in the full web of our existence.

Our brother whom we mourn to-day knew something of this suffering. He has felt the cutting, crushing pains in brain and lungs and heart. His entire physical structure, like a broad thoroughfare, has been run over and trodden hard by a host of iron-hoofed pangs which seemed to vie with each other in producing the most intense misery. But this has all ended now, and he has entered into the enjoyment of that spiritual, "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The Apostle teaches that such is the state of the Christian whose earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, and he declares that "we who are in this tabernacle do groan being burdened," earnestly "desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." Of the saint's heavenly body the word of God is explicit. It is celestial, spiritual, incorruptible, immortal; possessing power and glory. It is like unto Christ's

glorious body. When such facts are before the mind, how triumphantly we may look beyond our short-lived bodily pains to the immortal glory of our spiritual body and exclaim, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

2. The reward of heaven will include a mind complete, active, capable of extended research, and untiring application.

Many sufferings of this life are of the mind. There exist care, anxiety, mental weakness and pain. It is often obliged to act through a frail, decaying body and cannot manifest its real power. Then, its powers are shut in by all its material surroundings, and cannot secure a complete development till freed from earth's prison-walls and clay-born fetters. How often we are told, especially by the sick, I cannot control my mind, I can not meditate as I wish; my mind wanders, grows weary, and if I press it too far it becomes to some extent deranged. But when it shall be released from its connection with the body and enters its spiritual tenement, the mind will become a complete faculty of unceasing activity, capable of extending its researches indefinitely; to labor and enjoy without limits of fear or fatigue. How often in this life we find ourself unable to express the deepest and richest thoughts and feelings of

our mind. But in the future life, mind will be able to communicate with mind without a veil between, and the clearest ideas of the mind will be just as clear to each communing mind. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."

3. The souls of the saints in heaven rejoice in the highest freedom, and in the rich and near union with God, and are able to drink large draughts from the infinite fountains of divine pleasure.

Herein consists much of the glory referred to in our text, "Glory revealed in us;" that is, in the glorified state of the Christian's soul. Here happiness unalloyed wells up and overflows the ransomed spirit. Here the depth and purity and holiness of the Christian religion is seen in the clear light of eternal truth. In this world men often deceive themselves by thinking they are grateful to God, when they are only happy in their own temporal surroundings, and were these blessings withdrawn would become discontented and rebellious. That state of good feeling which is only warmed into existence and kept alive by continual supplies of joy is not the religion of Jesus Christ. For when sorrow comes, in its drenching shower, it is chilled and dies; when the hot sun of trial pours its scorching rays upon it, how soon it withers away. This will not cause

"glory to be revealed in us" in the future world. The religion of Christ emits a soft and mellow light even in the darkest hours; and sheds a comforting influence upon sorrow which robs it of its sting, and imparts a sweet and holy joy, which like an under-current, quietly and yet surely bears the soul of its possessor toward the haven of rest, where infinite happiness and glory are sure to be revealed.

The richest point in human nature is the immortality of the soul, and its consequent capacity for receiving the permanent polish of heavenly glory. If this point is rejected, there is nothing left in man worthy the price of human redemption. But thank God, nature, the character of the soul, and divine revelation harmoniously attest the truth of this important doctrine. How striking the words of the poet Addison:

"Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught. Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us—
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.

* * * * * * * *

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

Robertson says "We are not conscious of the mighty cravings of our half divine humanity; we are not aware of the God within us, till some chasm yawns which must be filled, or till the rending asunder of our affections forces us to become fearfully conscious of a need." And we can safely add that there is nothing which can fill this yawning chasm, and satisfy these mighty cravings, like the reception of Jesus Christ as the conscious need of the human soul. He is the divine remedy furnished by Infinite Wisdom as a sufficient antidote for all the ills of human existence, in time and in eternity. And the lustre he imparts to human character in its darkest hours is as distinct and precious, and even more indestructible than that of the richest diamond compared with an ordinary pebble. Well might the inspired Apostle exclaim "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ"—victory which crowns eternity with ceaseless and increasing glory.

4. The rewards of heaven include further, the excellence and splendor of the eternal city as the glorious home of the child of God.

History informs us that the idolatrous temple of

Diana at Ephesus was so bright and dazzling that the doorkeeper always cried to all that entered it, "Take heed to your eyes." But even Diana in her highest glory when compared with the magnificence and grandeur of the city of God dwindles into insignificance and meanness. Its walls are of jasper, and its gates of solid pearl. The streets of the city are pure gold, transparent as glass; we have no such gold in this world; it is the gold of heaven. Its foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones. There is no need of the sun, for the glory of God and the Lamb is the light thereof. There is no temple there, for the Lord God Almighty is the temple of it. The river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God, waters the city. But why do we enumerate its beauties, for human language must forever fail in describing the glory of God and his holy habitation. And yet we shall not be oppressed with its brilliancy as were the Ephesian worshipers; for immortal vision is never pained or weary. As to the scenery of heaven—the mountains, the valleys, the rivers, the groves—plains dressed in beauty, and hills of delight, the seas, lakes, and fountains, the arbors, the lawns, the flowers, and the fruits; we may be sure that whatever human or angelic conception could grasp of beauty or loveliness is far excelled in

in the divine fullness, variety, unity and grace of that celestial country.

5. A further reward will consist in the blissful associations of heaven.

When we think that all the good, the noble, the pure will there be our constant companions, we cannot wonder that the wasting, dying ones of earth often sigh and exclaim,

"I long, Oh! I long to be there."

There is a way which God has of calling our attention to the realities of the spiritual world. And that is by transplanting our brighest and sweetest flowers to bloom in his own Elysian fields. The rich fragrance of a holy life will sometimes linger around our hearts and tempt us to turn away from the muddy pools of earth, and long to fill a golden goblet from the crystal fount of life. The attractions of heaven are sometimes seen more clearly through the mists that arise from a new-made grave. The closing coffin lid may be to us the opening door of heaven. The heart rent with anguish will sometimes admit the beaten oil of peace. A sad and desolate home on earth may suggest to the mind that joyful home of companionship on high. That vacant chair at our table may remind us that another seat is occupied in the family above.

As Brother Kenaston said in a letter of condolence to me, on the death of our little son:—

"May that Jesus whom you preach and recommend to others in affliction, as 'The Balm of Gilead,' be your own Redeemer and Comforter. Jesus said to Peter, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' O, how unsearchable are some of the ways of Jesus to us '*now!*'—but in the revelations of eternity's morning, we shall see wisdom in them all. He is our best Friend, and will not allow *one unnecessary drop* to be added to our cup of affliction.

"There is a new light in the window of heaven for you; new little feet walking heaven's golden pavements; a new shining one among the infant choir that makes heaven's arches ring.

'We cannot tell what form is his,
What look he weareth now;
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns
His shining seraph brow;

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul,
The bliss he there doth feel;
Are numbered with the secret things
Which God doth not reveal.

But this we know--for He told us this—
That he is now at rest,
Where other blessed children be
On their Savior's loving breast.

We know the angels fold him safe
Beneath their glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes
Of heaven's divinest things.'"

I love to think of the associations of the better land; for I know that whatsoever is pleasant, and profitable, and holy in human society on earth, will be intensified and magnified beyond our highest ideas in the society of heaven.

"I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade
And all their joys are one.

I love to think of heaven—
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps, the songs forever ours,
The walks—the golden streets."

* * * * * * *

"Yes, we'll meet, in yonder mansions,
Where our wanderings all shall cease,
There we'll meet our dear companions,
And be crowned with perfect peace."

We sometimes sing

"Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
Waiting they watch me approaching the shore."

And the poet's words are founded upon the truth of God, and may be sung with faith and comfort in our days of watching for the shadowy outline of the distant shore. Do you think we shall spend our time there in mourning over the sorrows of earth? When we were children, a broken toy, or a slight bruise was a sad thing to us. But do we

ever mention such things in comparison with the mature happiness of manhood? No! nor shall we think by and by that the heaviest blows of earth are worth treasuring up with the joys of the golden city. In fact, the sufferings of earth are valuable only as educators, to develope and discipline and purify; and when their purpose is accomplished they may, like the stagings to a house, be taken away and not left to mar the beauty of the finished mansion.

But the associations of heaven will not be confined to our friends, or to humanity. There will be angelic and divine perfection with which our companionship will be intimate and satisfying; which will tend still deeper to bury the memory of our past sorrow. "For the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces," and thus leave no traces of sadness to mix our joy.

But one may ask if our loved ones in heaven remember their friends who are still on earth. Most certainly they do. Even the rich man in hell remembered his brethren on earth. And Abraham told him to remember his earthly privileges and comforts. And further, Abraham knew that his brethren had the writings of Moses and the prophets, all of which had transpired centuries after Abraham went to heaven; so it appears that the Patriarch kept well-informed about earthly affairs. And if Abraham, why not others?

In fact, Luke tells us that Moses and Elias talked with Christ at the transfiguration about his approaching death at Jerusalem, showing their knowledge of earthly events. I have no doubt that our friends in heaven love us more truly and purely than they ever did on earth.

Some have supposed that a knowledge of earthly woes would produce unhappiness in those who are in the spirit world. This cannot be true, for Abraham and Lazarus had a knowledge of the woes of hell; the angels know the wickedness of men; the saints at the Judgment will know of the departure to their deserved punishment; but this knowledge cannot make them unhappy. The truth is, heaven is an antidote for *all* sorrow; and starting from this fact every true theory will harmonize with it. Man takes with him to the heavenly world all his intelligence and all his love, and he will never *know less* or *love less* than he did on earth. Every longing of the heart will there be satisfied. Our noblest, grandest aspirations will there find fullest development. Do we love music, beauty, art, science, culture, friendship, eloquence, truth, holiness, mercy? We shall there find them all and infinitely more in their richest perfection, and may drink our fill from every spring of joy which God has opened. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

6. Another element of heavenly reward will

be the opportunity and capacity for studying the character of God, in his goodness, wisdom, power and love, and all the infinite expansion of his excellence which he shall reveal to his redeemed children.

This revelation will have a transforming influence upon the human soul. "We all, with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

The great English philanthropist, Wm. Wilberforce, once asked Robert Hall, "What is your idea of heaven?" The eminent preacher, who had for twenty years been an intense sufferer, replied, "My chief conception of heaven, is, that it is a *rest*." "And mine," said the amiable statesman "is, that it is a place of *love*." Others regard it as a *home*. May we not blend these three ideas and think of heaven as a lovely home of glorious rest.

Well might Bro. Kenaston say, as he did in his letter to the Champlain Conference, in April 29th, 1872:—

"Brethren:—I am not afraid to die, if I understand myself. When my work is done, I ask not to stay longer. The grave has no gloom to me; I look to it as a place of sweet, quiet rest for poor weary pilgrims. It never looked so good to me as

now. My life, my home, my hopes, my heaven, are all beyond it."

Truly that rest is glorious which follows faithful Christian labor. The world is full of men who never need to rest, because they never weary themselves by labor. Too many such are in the Church of Christ, and they seem more anxious to spare themselves, than to rescue perishing souls. He who never endured the *toil* of the Christian can hardly expect to enjoy their *repose*. After Israel had toiled and fought and conquered, it is written, "The Lord God of Israel hath given *rest* unto his people." And the Prophet Isaiah says, "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the *weary* to *rest*." And the Apostle Paul says, "Let us *labor* therefore to enter into that *rest*."

No soldier expects victory till after the conflict. The battle first, the victory last. It was after years of severely contested warfare; years of toil, sacrifice, and exposure that St. Paul wrote to Timothy, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." And he urged Timothy to imitate him, "Fight the good fight of faith." "Preach the

word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine." And writing to the Corinthians he mentions as worthy of record that he had been more abundant in labors than other ministers of Christ. I have been thus particular to bring out this point because our dear brother Kenaston had been abundant and unremitting in his labors for Christ. His active soul longed for Christian work, and knew no limit but that of ability to do. And when that ability is intensified by an enthusiastic love for the employment, the amount of work accomplished can hardly be estimated. He removed from Weybridge to Lisbon, and from Lisbon to Syracuse, not to secure a larger salary, or greater confidence and love from the people, but to extend his usefulness by having more people to labor for, and more work to perform. And during his sickness, his desire to live was always associated with a desire to labor for Christ. "I wish not," said he, "to live after my work is done." How like the words of the poet:

> "My body with my charge lay down
> And cease at once to work and live."

He was an excellent type of a Christian minister. His early training, his Christian experience, and his theological studies all conspired to deeply impress him with the exalted and holy character necessary in a minister of Jesus Christ. And he

set himself studiously and prayerfully to acquire all the mental, moral, and spiritual culture demanded in his important and sacred calling. He was zealous and earnest, but his zeal was guided by knowledge, and his earnestness was the offshoot of intense love for Christ and perishing sinners. He made his hearers feel that he had Christ's spirit in his own soul and was anxious that they should partake of the same precious salvation. His brethren in the ministry will miss him, *Oh, so much!* No one in our Conference was loved more sincerely, honored more highly, or will be missed more severely. In the Conference business he was prompt, capable, and judicious. His pastoral charges were ever anxious to retain him as their teacher and guide. He was an excellent pastor, gathering about him the hearts of the aged and the youth, and leading all with his strong faith and tender love to the cross of Christ.

He was a firm and consistent advocate of the distinctive reformatory principles of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection. He was well acquainted with the different views upon Church Government, Slavery, Temperance, and Secret Societies; and his own opinions were based not upon policy, popularity, or finance, but upon his deliberate conviction of the truth of God's Word. The desertion of friends, and the combination of ene-

mies never abated his zeal, lessened his courage, or weakened his faith in the sacred truth and ultimate triumph of these principles.

As a friend, he was true, valuable, and appreciated by all who understood his real worth. And yet he had no select few who *alone* shared the rich and generous fruits of his friendship. His warm and liberal heart took in circle after circle in the various relations and circumstances of life.

As a son and brother, he was kind, affectionate, confiding; never allowing the many other things which occupied his mind to displace the loved and true of early years. How often I have heard him speak of his friends at home. His home visits were much prized by the entire family-circle; and the neighbors were made glad by his hearty presence in all their homes with a cordial handshake, and kind words of cheer for each and all.

As a father he was tender, patient, loving, anxious to secure the highest good of those whom God had intrusted to his care and training. May we not hope that all his prayers for his dear children will be richly answered?

As a husband—I would not touch this nearest, holiest tie of manhood, only that I have spoken of other relations and would not seem to shrink from this. As a husband, he was all that could be desired in this holy relationship, which is much to say, as I believe there is nothing in this world

more pure and holy than that love which, emanating from God, fills the hearts of two persons who have chosen each other as life companions; and have vowed to share the joy and sorrow, labor and repose, conflict and victory incident to a life of active, noble, Christian usefulness. I need not say that to sever such hearts is like cutting one heart in two and leaving it crushed, trembling, bleeding. But He who wounds can heal; He who created the human heart can answer all its throbbings.

When you think of the painful sufferings he has so long endured, you will almost rejoice that he has passed it all now, and entered upon that glorious rest which God has prepared for his children. How beautiful are the words of Carl Spencer upon

"THE VICTOR'S REST."

"His rest shall be glorious."—Isa. xi: 10.

"Heart, that so low doth beat,
Striving and tiring,
Oft in the battle's heat
Night's cool desiring,
Look beyond life and death,
Hear what the Master saith,
'To him that conquereth
The rest shall be glorious."

"'Stay' saith the world, 'delight
Lives in my bowers;
Sleep on your arms to-night
Through the watch-hours.'
Here is no lawful rest,

Cease the ignoble quest,
God giveth last the best;
His rest shall be glorious.

"'Come,' saith the quiet grave,
'Have done with living;
Rest such as mortals crave
Is of my giving.'
Not here, O earth of woes!
Not such the saints' repose;
Joy like a river flows;
His rest shall be glorious!

"Not to the vanquished, Heaven
Opens its portals;
Rest is the glory given,
To crowned immortals.
Where never foes surprise,
Where never storms arise,
Past all uncertainties,
The rest shall be glorious.

"Look not for mere release,
Welcomed victorious!
God giveth more than peace;
His rest is glorious!
Endless when once begun,
Fadeless the laurels won,—
Oh! after God's 'Well done,'
The rest will be glorious!"

My mourning friends, the sorrow through which you are passing will not be an injury to you if you keep your eye fixed on Christ, and remember that he "will never leave you nor forsake you."

No one ever watched by a death-bed, as you have watched, without opportunties for learning important lessons. Treasure them carefully; wisely heed them. You cannot reasonably doubt that your loved one in his spiritual life is safe in the Paradise of God. His conquering faith has met his object. Prepare to follow him and enjoy with him the glorious rewards of heaven which are incomparably greater than all the sufferings of earth. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

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